The Journal and Courier

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Notice.

We cannot accept anonymous or return rejected communications. In all cases the name of the writer will be required, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

Yeast is the appropriate name of a rising young man at Valentine, Nebraska.

Two newsboys of Syracuse, New York, have been arrested for selling papers in that city on Sundays. According to an ordinance framed by an intelligent member of the board of aldermen, the only persons authorized to sell newspapers on the first day of the week are licensed venders of milk.

England's harvest will be a very bad one, according to the Mark Lane Express, owing to the severe frost in the spring, followed by a long drought. All crops are below the average, the percentages being: Wheat, 78.5; barley, 84.9; oats, 78.6; hops, 71.5; grass and hay, 66; potatoes, 86.7; beans, 72, and peas, 75.9.

Homeopathists see in the adoption by allopaths of an attenuated poison for the treatment of the poison of diphtheria the prospect of a union of the two schools on common ground. It is claimed that the allopaths have finally accepted, through the use of anti-toxine, the doctrine of Hahnemann that like cures like, and that there is now no difference worth fighting about.

More microbes. It is well known that the thickness of the layer of fine sand in filtering beds cannot be reduced beyond a certain point without endangering the quality of the water that filters through. Dr. Kurth of Bremen has found in examining water filtered through a layer not sufficiently thick that the number of bacteria was greatly increased, owing to the presence of a special microbe that could not be found in the water before it entered the filter. These microbes must, therefore, have existed in the filtering material and have been developed by the passage of water through it.

The observatory on the top of Mount Blac, whose erection is conducted under the supervision of the famous French astronomer M. Janssen, it is expected, will be finished in the course of the present summer. The main instrument for observations, which has a diameter of thirty centimetres, arrived in Chamounix a few days ago, and will be carried in parts, from there to the summit by workmen and guides. M. Maurice de Thierrey, who will be connected with the observatory, is already in Chamounix, and M. Bigourdan and his assistant, M. Fayet, are expected in a few days. A few years ago scientists frowned on the possibility of carrying this great undertaking to completion, but Janssen's work is about to be crowned with success.

Alma Tadema, in awarding the prizes at the National Art Training School lately, spoke as follows of the influence on artists of their daily surroundings: When Whistler painted the whole of his dining room canary yellow and had carpets and furniture to match, the yellow in which he moved must have had a great influence on his eye. When I found that the black Pompeiian decorations of my early Antwerp studio made me paint my pictures too heavy, I had my next studio painted red. Then they got too hot. So, arriving in Brussels, I painted my studio light green, and in London my first studio was blue and green. The influence of all that was such that you can classify my pictures by the influence produced by the surroundings.

Bishop John McKim, of Japan, who is now in Chicago, thinks the war will be of great benefit to the missions. "There were six native Christian ministers who received commissions as chaplains in the army," he says, "and Shinto priests asking the same privilege were refused. The Japanese minister of war gave permission to every missionary to visit the garrisons, preach and distribute tracts and portions of Scripture. This we believe to be the result of the impression made by the Christian soldiers in the Japanese army." Shintoism is a purely Japanese religion, found nowhere else. It has eight millions of deities, no theology and no ethics. Buddhism, in the bishop's opinion, has quite lost its grip in Japan. "I do not believe that one educated Japanese out of a hundred would to-day acknowledge a belief in Buddhism," he says.

The rate of flight of the carrier-pigeon has almost equalled in interest as a scientific topic the question of the "sense of direction" of this and other birds, whereby they are enabled to fly over huge tracts with an instinct of unerring kind guiding them to their own place. Lately a great pigeon-flight was organized in France, the Eiffel tower being selected as the point of departure. The pigeons were drawn not only from distant parts of France, but also from Belgium. The time of flight and the time of arrival at home were duly noted, with certain interesting results regarding the rate of progression. Thus one pigeon flew 93½ miles, we are told, at the rate of 47 miles per hour. This was a high rate and may be classified with a flight of 264 miles at 43 miles an hour. The account adds, however, that these rates are low when compared with the records of previous flights. Thus, a distance of 600 miles has been covered by a pigeon in twelve hours. From Blois to Dijon is a distance of 290 miles, and this has been accomplished by a pigeon in 4 hours and 46 minutes. Higher rates than even 60 miles an hour are said to have been chronicled.

HIPPOPHAGY IN CHICAGO.

Although horseflesh in disguise may have been eaten in this country for some time the first open and deliberate experiment in hippophagy is now going on. And, rather appropriately, it is going on in Chicago. The contractors who furnish the labor on the great drainage canal there have been found to be feeding their men with horse meat. This meat is found by the health authorities to have come from broken down horses, unfit for further labor, and purchasable by those engaged in the traffic at from $1.50 to $2 per horse. Canned beef, which the big packing houses of Chicago would sell to these contractors in wholesale lots at from six to nine cents per pound, cannot enter into competition with the horseflesh furnished. The laborers who purchase it themselves do not pay over four cents a pound, and a contractor agreeing to use several thousand pounds a month would not have to pay over two and one-half cents or three cents per pound. The health authorities declare their purpose to stop this business, but it is not clear how they can do this unless the horseflesh is found to be unhealthful.

MORE SCARED THAN HURT.

The bicycle affects many industries, including the industry of horse-stealing, as we noticed the other day. But some stories are told of the changes it is making which are hardly consistent with the facts. The United States Tobacco Journal sets up a special wail on account of the influence of the bicycle upon the tobacco trade. Hear it: We do not exaggerate the least. The bike craze has infatuated, enslaved, at the least calculation, 500,000 males who were formerly addicted to the smoking habit If these 500,000 male slaves to the bike craze have weaned themselves to smoking only two cigars less a day—this must be considered a most moderate calculation, as the bikeist hardly ever worships less than four or six hours at the shrine of his wheel—then the consumption of cigars is decreasing at the rate of 1,000,000 per day and 700,000,000 in a year. And the decrease in our cigar production since the bike craze has set in has actually been 700,000,000 per year!

A paper that is so overcome with grief and terror as to use the word "bikeist" is in a sad condition and needs some encouragement if there is any for it. In this case there is some. A decrease of one million a day means a falling off in the sale of cigars of three hundred and sixty-five millions a year, which would be a serious damage to the business if the facts agreed with the figures. Such, however, is not the case. Records of the commissioner of internal revenue show that during the fiscal year just ended 4,130,440,370 cigars were manufactured in this country, against 4,066,917,432 in the previous year. This increase of 63,522,938 cigars in one year does not show that smokers have foregone their indulgence in the narcotic weed to any great extent. It is worthy of note, too, that a prominent cigar manufacturer has just announced that he has bought 2,000 bicycles which he proposes to give away, one with each 5,000 cigars which he shall sell.

So the Tobacco Journal has bitten off more than it can chew. If it will put the facts in its pipe and smoke them it will find some consolation.

HAS HE LOST A HAND?

What is a hand? Not a hand in a game of cards but a hand on an arm. Harry Sneck of Rochester is trying to find out, and he has much difficulty. He was an employe of the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg railroad, and, in 1893, the four fingers and a part of the thumb and part of the palm of his right hand were clipped off while working in its shops. He was insured in an accident policy for $2,000, which provided that, in case of "loss by severance of one entire hand or foot," the insured would be entitled to receive one-third of the principal sum, or $666.66. The insurance company was asked to pay, but refused on the ground that the accident did not come under the meaning of the expression "the loss of an entire hand," and claimed that this meant "the loss of a hand at or above the wrist joint." The case was first tried in the January circuit of last year, the jury finding for the plaintiff, but evidently made a mistake in the verdict by awarding him one-third of $1,000, instead of one-third of $2,000. It was appealed to the Circuit court, which reversed the decision, and the case was sent back for a new trial, with the instruction that the injury to the plaintiff's hand did not constitute the loss of an entire hand within the meaning of the insurance clause. The case is now on appeal from this decision. The costs already amount to nearly as much as the sum claimed as damage and by the time Mr. Sneck finds out what a hand is he will be more tired than he is now.

FASHION NOTES.

Sprinkled With Embroidered Dots.

Linen gowns with very full and flaring skirts and short jackets of jaunty box-front buttoning, double breasted, with two big pearl buttons, are worn over silk waists, very much-bloused, and of some soft blending of delicate colors. A cap with band of velvet tam-top of linen and a high reared quill is set well on the bare forehead, and mode-colored two-button gloves, linen shoes, stockings to match in color, and a white silk, perfectly plain parasol makes a stunning and inexpensive rig. For outing or wear upon the water, an admiral's cap of linen completes the costume.

In jauntiness few costumes could excell the one the artist presents and it is sketched in ecru batiste figured with embroidered blue polka dots. The wide skirt has for trimming only a band of narrow lace insertion near the bottom, while the blouse waist made with fitted lining and a double box-pleat in the center of the front, is trimmed with a sailor collar of embroidered batiste lined with pale blue silk and edged with a pleated ruffle at each side of the front. The standing collar is a plain band of blue satin ribbon with rosette garniture at the sides, and the belt is made to match.

Dressed kid gloves in delicate yellows with white or black stitching and fastening with three or four buttons are in style, and they take summer wear so much better and cleanse so much more satisfactorily than suede gloves that one is glad of the vogue, though nothing ever will be as becoming to the hand as suede. Silk gloves are much improved in make, coming in so elastic and firm a weave that the hand is held almost as if by a kid glove, and for that reason are being much worn. A really beautiful hand is quite at its best in a silken glove, and such a hand may wear the very fine silk, so that the shaping and color of the nails may show through. FLORETTE.

FOURTHLY.

"Will anything induce you to cease your attentions to me?

"Perhaps. Suppose we try matrimony."—Truth.

The third river in Scotland is the size of the Forth. The natives can understand that without a surgical operation.—Somerville Journal.

Sunday School Teacher—You know your lesson perfectly this time, Tommy. Tommy—Yes'm. Pa said he'd let me go fishing this afternoon if I didn't miss any of it.—Life.

Minnie—Capt. Foster has never paid me any attention before, but he danced with me four times last night.

Maud—Oh, well, it was a charity ball, you remember.—Texas Siftings.

She—It is reported around town that we are engaged.

He—I have heard worst things than that.

She—I never have.—Texas Siftings.

Dentist—Speaking of going to heaven, I dare say I will have to learn some new profession when I get there. Victim (who has been three hours in the chair)—You'll never get there.—Chicago Record.

Mother—Bobby, the minister is coming to take tea this afternoon. You must behave yourself at the table. Bobby—All right. But if you don't give me the biggest piece of pie, I'll tell the minister that dad went fishing last Sunday, and didn't have no cold.—Syracuse Post.

Miss Gaskett—Sue is a sly little minx. Miss Fosdick—Well, I've always thought her a very quiet girl. She's almost silent."

Miss Gaskett—That's where her slyness comes in. She's dreadful anxious to get married and she knows that silence gives consent.—Bazar.

"Young man," the solemn stranger said, "What's going on inside?"

"A baseball game—eight innin's played,"

The budding sport replied.

"Baseball upon the Sabbath day?"

O wicked, sinful land!

Er—in the ninth now, did you say? Young man—how do they stand?"—Life.

One day Solomon and a fool were walking together. "Solomon," said the fool, "why is it you never talk?" "Fool," said Solomon, "that I may listen to other people's wisdom." And then after a pause, "But why is it you always talk?" "That other people, I suppose," quoth the fool, "may listen to my wisdom." Whereat Solomon held his tongue and went home thoughtfully.—Truth.

ORCHESTRA CURIOSITIES.

How Musicians Imitate Men, Birds and Animals.

The orchestra attached to a theatre which is in the habit of playing realistic drama, thus introducing upon its boards steam engines, ships, race horses and similar startling novelties, uses some very queer instruments whereby certain sounds necessary to the surroundings of the scene may be successfully produced.

Take for instance the roaring of a lion. None of the ordinary brass instruments will give this effect, nor will the low notes of the double bass. To produce the desired sound a special instrument must be used, technically known as the "lion roarer." This is a large, trumpet-shaped instrument, usually made of sheet iron. Two thin tongues of tin run down the middle, which, when the instrument is blown, vibrate and produce and excellent counterfeit of a lion's roar.

Instruments which imitate the notes of birds are to be found in most orchestras. A wooden tube, down the middle of which runs a reed, joined to a tin cup, is used for imitating the crow of a cock. The note of a cuckoo is likewise produced by a reed instrument; while some short time ago an ingenious piece of mechanism was brought out whereon the notes of a lark, linnet and all the finches of the grove could be imitated to the life.

To produce the effect of a horse galloping along a road, several contrivances exist. One way, as simple as it is effective, is to take cocoanut shells, cut in half and strike them upon some hard surface; but some orchestras can boast of specially made instruments for this purpose. These are wooden blocks cut into the shape of a horse's hoof to which real horse shoes are attached, and this somewhat queer instrument is played by striking the shoes upon a piece of marble or stone.

Very similar to the above are the hollow wooden mallets used to imitate a clog dance, American orchestras showing a great partiality to these, together with "sand boards," whereby jig dancing is likewise counterfeited.

One would have thought that the bag-pipe, with all its horrrors of discordance, might have escaped imitation. Yet such is nowise the case. A very excellent imitation, we are informed, can be produced by means of a brass horn, with a gradually narrowing bore, the instrument being furnished with finger holes, and played after the manner of a flageolet.

One of the most ingenious and successful contrivances for imitating the sound of a puffing engine, an effect which in the provinces invariably brings down the house, is as follows:

The player holds in each hand an implement somewhat like a brick, composed of steel wires, and in order to produce the puff-puff of a locomotive, strikes a semi-cylinder of sheet-iron with each alternately. When the train first starts the operator strikes slowly, and gradually increases the pace until, when the engine is supposed to have got up steam, he strikes the cylinder as quickly as he can.

The noise made by the screw of a steamboat, as well as the puffing of a locomotive, has also been successfully produced by the aid of a special instrument. In appearance this is something like a large drum, with this difference, that its two ends are of wood the rest being of parchment, holding several quarts of dried peas. This is fitted to an axis upon which it revolves. From the wooden ends project long pegs, and as the drum revolves, the peas strike against the parchment, thus giving a fair imitation of the sound made by the screw of a steamboat.

As a rule, it is the gentleman in charge of the drum, cymbals and triangle to whose lot falls to operate upon the above and similar orchestral curiosities. It is true that it does not require a vast knowledge of music to play the horse galloper, the puff-puff or the lion roarer, yet we are informed that it is necessary to practice even upon these instruments before anything approaching efficiency can be obtained. Nor is a knowledge of the instrument alone sufficient, for, as a member of an orchestra once said, one hasn't only got to know how to play them, but when.

GIRL WITH A BROTHER.

She Has No Cherished Ideals to Have Spoiled in the Honeymoon.

[From the Queen.]

The girl who has grown up among girls alone, who has had no brothers and—terrible loss of a delightful intimacy—no brother's friends, is very sincerely to be pitied. Her mind in this case may be wholly feminine; in it there is no touch of comprehension of the masculine. Yet she may marry, and have to learn by experience what she might have known by a kind of instinct—that men are not the same as women. It is impossible for a man to realize how deeply wounded such a girl may be before she learns to accept facts as they are. Before the honeymoon is over she discovers what she considers an unaccountable want of sympathy on the part of her husband. In all matters relating to herself he is still genuinely interested, but the home letters seem to bore him, or he shows frankly that he is only interested in them because she is reading them aloud to him. He forgets things she tells him about her friends, and is curiously inattentive to details. He even leaves the little pin that she bought as a surprise for him lying carelessly about, and when she makes him up a flower for his button-hole laughs and asks her if she wants to make him look like 'Arry out for a holiday. She discovers that one of the silk handkerchiefs which she herself embroidered with his initials has been used to clean out a pipe. She hides her feelings, but she is so used to enlarging the importance of little things that these seem to betray the fact that her husband does not care for her as he did. When the honeymoon is over and they are settled at home the same want is apparent. For one thing, the man never says he loves her as he did at first. He may show it in a hundred ways that are far more costly than words, but a woman who is wholly a woman and nothing more wants words. She is always imagining things. She wants him, and him alone, but he often goes off for a whole day hunting or shooting and seems to enjoy it, though she is not there. The bitter thought that she is learning by experience that "a man's love but a part of man's life is," makes her miserable, and if she is a jealous woman she will end by making every one else in the household miserable, too. But if she is sensible the heartache will die away; she will get to become self-controlled, and refrain from worrying him about the small matters that up till then have formed her world. She will gain self-control, and her love will teach her the rest. She may feel in her heart that the woman's part in married life is the harder, but she will accept it, and be braced in both mind and heart. The girl with brothers will probably learn her lesson before marriage; she knows that men are different from women, neither better nor worse, but different, and she will have no cherished ideals to overturn in the honeymoon.

How to Preserve the Figure.

[From the New York Ledger.]

There are a number of disadvantages which befall her who loses in middle life the lithe, agile, symmetrical figure of early womanhood. One of these is very patent to the eye of the observer, who sees a curve in the wrong place as the eye follows what should be a straight line from the bust to the floor. But greater than the consciousness of visible loss in symmetry is the growing sense of clumsiness and helplessness that creeps over one as the accumulation of adipose, instead of being uniformly distributed over the body, piles up in the abdomen. The course of gravity is thrown from its normal position. Lightness on the feet becomes a thing of the past, and an inertness and disclination to moving about increases constantly, and makes the trouble grow by what it feeds upon. The remedy for this state of things is within the reach of every one who has time and resolution to spend ten or fifteen minutes every day in certain exercises which will be given in detail, and which require absolutely nothing else but time and persistence.

The best time for taking these exercises is in the morning, immediately after leaving one's bed, and before any garments that compress the figure in any way are put on. The air of the room should be pure and sweet, so that the lungs may be benefitted no less than the abdominal muscles and the blood be purified.

1. Draw in the abdomen as far as possible, fill the lungs with air, and then raise the arms above the head till the hands meet, without moving or bending the knees; bend the body as far back as possible, and then, allowing the air to escape from the lungs gradually, bend the body as far forward as possible until the hands approach the floor. Repeat this ten times, following exactly the directions for breathing.

2. Place the hands upon the hips, akimbo, draw air into the lungs as before, and bend forward, first to the right as far as possible, allowing the air to escape from the lungs, and then, after filling the lungs again, to the left. Repeat this exercise ten times.

3. Place the hands lightly on the breast, draw in the abdomen, fill the lungs, and turn the head and body without moving the knees or feet, as far, first to the right, and, after filling the lungs again, to the left, as possible. Repeat this ten times.

4. With the arms at the side, draw in the abdomen, fill the lungs with air and raise the arms to their length above the head, keeping the lungs fully expanded, then, breathing out, allow the arms to fall slowly to the side again. Repeat this ten times.

These exercises strengthen all the muscles of the abdomen and cause in them a gradual contraction, which, as it increases, restores symmetry of form, restores the centre of gravity to its proper position and gives the exerciser a command of herself in movement that is very delightful.